

THE AVENGER. Or the Jewish Father.

BY MRS. FRANCIS KENDLE BUTLER

"The last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they told
Whose Arms that ne'er shall lose their hold,
Friends meet to part, love laughs at faith,
Two foes that meet are joined till death."
Byron.

The splendor of chivalry never shown with greater lustre than during the reign of Count Duke of Medina. The knight who owed him allegiance were among the most renowned in Christendom. In grace of person, in chivalric spirit, in grace of person, the young heir of the Duke, Count Julio de Montalvin. It was in the semi-centennial year of his reign, on the greatful rejoicings of his reign, were increased by the return of Count Julio, from conquest at the head of a princely train—the knights and retainers of his father. Shrilly rang the soul arousing trumpets! and the suburban mountains re-echoed back the sound, as if participating in the heartfelt rejoicings of a free people, which arose long, loud and heartily to heaven.

Between each pause, wild and thrilling melodies pealed out triumphant, for the land had been oppressed—was free! banners waved their scorned pride; and ladies handkerchiefs scattered perfume in the air. Bright eyes looked on earth unmoved, and maiden's glance! As each gallant knight galloped by, at the head of his followers, grateful people hailed them with acclamations, and invoked blessings on their deliverers. The pageant passed, and the crowd was sweeping toward the lists, where the aged monarch in person intended to thank the victors, and hold a tourney, when a warrior rode unattended—his armor hacked and bruised, and in his hand he held a torn and soiled banner. Vainly had he been urged to take the precedence his valor merited, for when dismay had seized the ranks of Count Julio, he it was who turned the fortunes of the day, by his intrepid daring—few were the knights so reckless to follow where he led, and he even stood alone, apparently uninfluenced by the example of others.—Many thought his headstrong daring arose from despair; but the well judged few discovered that though he held life at a cheap rate, he manifested no sacrifice of it rashly. He was apparently laboring under some poignant grief but none could divine its source, as he shunned all intimacy with his brethren in arms, and passed by even the common terms of courtesy.

Last of all; that lonely warrior in the battered armor and broken helm, presented himself before the throne, he offered a powerful contrast to the younger knight, whose breast plates of gold, silken scarfs, and ornaments sparkling with jewels shone like the sitting sun, upon the towers of Turkish minaret.—He approached reverentially, and even with an air of timidity the Duke arose, and taking him by the hand, bade him stand up.

"Brave man, said he, under God, thou hast been the means of delivering my people from oppression; gallant have been thy deeds, and although thou bearest not blazoned on thy shield, the badge of kingly honor, still thou art of nature nobility, thy deeds have ennobled the name they reward, for glorious it shall be, worthy thy powers and my dual name, that thy descendants may boast of thee as their country's deliverer; we love thee, and would advance thee—speak! what is thy wish?"

"Sir Duke," replied the warrior in broken accents, and in a tone, as from the depths of a charnel house, "honors cannot descend from me to my posterity—I am the scathed trunk, which the storms have stripped of all its branches; I therefore ask nothing of thee, save a fresh steed, for my own is nearly spent with toil, and a suit of armor. But I forwent the noble Duke, for the use I shall make of them will turn thy thanks to curses, and show I merit not favor from thee!"

"Stranger replied the Duke, thy words are full of mystery, but thy boon is granted!"

"I have yet another question," heartily rejoined the warrior, "may any knight in the world, whether he be King, Emperor, or Kirsar refuse my challenge, consistently with honor?"

"Of a certainty not," answered the Duke. I pronounce thee noble, if thou wert not before—Julion, my son thy sword—kneel stranger at my throne, reverence thy God, serve thy country, true to thy lady-love, and arise a knight of the order of Medina, and Count Mareschal of our realm! Now thou art a match for the proudest hero in Christendom!"

"Then thundered forth the stranger, springing like lightning to his feet, with nervous haste I challenge thine own son, Count Julio, he whose sword is still in hand—as one who has been false to the honor of a knight, and to his oath—as a remorseless treacherous villain! The which I will prove, so God maintain me!"

An awful silence reigned around, the young Count who was standing at his father's side appeared thunderstruck.—The Duke himself was speechless with surprise; and the numerous armed retainers, partook of the general astonishment. Count Julio was the first who recovered himself, and thus broke silence:

Stern libeller of knightly fame. I know thee not, and might refuse an unaccredited challenger—but my noble father has pronoun-

ced thee noble and I accept the challenge—so keep me heaven as thou leest!"

"Amen!" sternly ejaculated the stranger knight, and every one that heard the voice trembled, for it sounded unearthly, so deep and dreadful was its tone.

"Heaven judge the right!" exclaimed the Duke, "to-morrow's dawn shall witness the combat; ourself will be the sponsor of our new created Mareschal, for such assertions against our son must needily be effaced or proved; the air which a new knight inspires is polluted by such imitations!"

On the following day, thousands were yet struggling with the rising sun, thousands had assembled around the lists. At length the Duke and his nobles entered the arena, they were not greeted with the same joyous shouts they were accustomed to receive, for there was a panic terror which awed the minds of many—all were expecting some great or horrible event, and the few who hailed the good old Duke as he entered, shrank back in affright from the hollow sounds of their own voice.

Hushed indeed, as every tongue, when the challenge rode into the lists in a complete suit of sable armor; mounted on a sable charger, whose tread seemed to shake the solid arena. There was nothing of trickery about its rider, no curvetting nor prancing for the sake of display; compared with the gay and splendid dresses of the lovely dames, the dark knight seemed like a thunder cloud, huge, black, and threatening—slowly floating along a bright summer sky—the prophet of desolation! Nothing could contrast more strongly than the behavior of the young Prince; he rode into the lists with an air of a graceful practiced cavalier, his bearing was gallant in the extreme. The crowd naturally loving display burst into an involuntary shout of admiration; the dark knight sat unmoved!

After the necessary preparation had been concluded, the charge was sounded—the combatants closed, and Count Julio sank down as though he had been a reed! Being however an experienced horseman and courageous knight, he disengaged himself from his fallen charger, and seized his battle axe from the saddle bow—"Twas in vain—the stranger knight aimed but one blow, and he fell lifeless to the ground—his brains were scattered around the lists!"

Horrors and trembling speechlessness seized all present: but the conqueror turned from the scene and with an air of dignity approached the throne.

"You stand amazed great Duke!" said he "would to heaven the calamity could have been averted from your house! you now are childless so am I—your happiness has ended with your son's life, and I the author of his death most sincerely mourn your bereavement!"

"My son! my Julio groaned the unhappy Duke.

"Hear me, great Cosino, ere you prejudice!—continued the stranger, "I also was once happy in a child, but now wander, hopeless, homeless and companionless! I had a daughter—but one, and she—oh, God of Abraham! was fair as Jephtha's sacrifice—fair, good and excellent in the mind! but she is dead—this weapon drank the blood of an only daughter—my very vitality—I felt it so, for as my sword pierced her heart, judge, oh heavens! who felt the greatest agony. Then kneeling o'er her prostrate form; while the murderous instrument was yet reeking in my hand, I made a vow, this day it is accomplished, its point is now stained with the blood of her seducer!"

"And sayest thou so! the villain has deserved his doom!" said the Duke striving to subdue the father in the sovereign.

"Rightly thou namest him," replied the stranger, "he like a villain, lured her from her home—her happy home of infancy, from these fond doating arms, and from her mother's grave, and then his guilty passion sated, left her to perish in obscurity and want! But as a wounded bird will seek its parents nest, so did she drag her wasted form to the loved haunts of infancy—again I saw her—her pure frame desecrated—and she was sacrificed! Sir Duke, I am of a despised race, but my ancestors were princes Judia. I sought revenge on your villain son, he bade his menials lash me from his palace steps! I felt the whip while he stood by in mockery! I then sought for the means of matching myself with him, and found them in thy service. He is dead—my daughter, my sacrificed Jola is avenged! Christians I am a Jew, but am I not a man, I expect your vengeance! take it as I have done!"

The words became choked in his throat!—he turned and pointed with a laugh of terror to his victim, then tottered towards him, and fell lifeless on the body. They raised his visor—gray locks were beneath it, but his countenance still indicated the prime of life; grief had performed the work of time!

Exquisite.—The following, which we cut from the Boston Bee, we consider decidedly the best joke of the season:

A lady entered a dry good store in Chapel street, the other day, and after inquiring for a variety of articles, she requested the clerk to show her some cambric of a 'hay color.' He inquired with some surprise what she meant by that color. 'Why,' said she, 'cambric the color of your drawers.' 'You are mistaken, madam, I don't wear any.' And it was some time before she could make him understand that she alluded to some store fixtures.

From Noah's Week, desenger.

"Sir, bring me a good, plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.

"Yes sir."

The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him—

"You—the landlord?"

"Yes."

"You do a good business here?"

"Yes (in astonishment.)"

"You make—probably ten dollars a day, clear?"

"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed; I have been out of employment seven months, but have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I had been without food four-and-twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot," blustered the landlord, "and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something for security."

"I have nothing."

"I will take your coat."

"If I go into the streets with my coat, I will get my death, such weather as it is."

"You should have thought of that before you came here."

"You are serious? Well, I solemnly aver that one week from now I will pay you."

"I will take the coat."

The coat was left, and a week afterwards redeemed.

Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena, and was presented at caucus as an applicant for a Congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held his peace—he heard the name and the history of the applicant, who was a member of a church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was chairman. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative—thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to him he said—

"You don't remember?"

"No."

"I once ate a dinner in your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat, and saw me go out into the inclement air, at the risk of my life without it."

"Well, sir, what then?"

"Not much. You call yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been nominated to Congress."

Three years after, the Christian hotel-keeper became bankrupt, and sought a home at Bellevue. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. We know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception or belief.

"Father, what do printers live on?" "Why child?" "You said you had not paid him for two or three years' and yet you have his papers every week!" "Take that child out of the room. What does he know about right and wrong?"

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will contain full and correct reports of each day's proceedings of both Houses—reports of the various committees—all the important bills introduced and passed—the Executive messages—speeches of the State Officers—with also a full, of the members, on every important subject. In addition to the proceedings of our State Legislature, it will also contain faithful synopsis of all the important proceedings of Congress, and other transactions of the Federal Government.

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Various important measures will demand attention of the ensuing session. Among the most prominent, are—Our debts—expenses and income—State Districting system—public trust—banks—public education—improvements in the judiciary—amendment of the Constitution for extending Chancery jurisdiction to circuit Courts—Penitentiary system—completion of the Rail Road from the city of Jackson to Alabama line. These, with many other equally momentous subjects, will come before the people's representatives for searching investigation and enlarged discussion, and final action, seriously affecting the interests of Mississippi, all having intercourse or connection with its government or citizens.

In view of the solicitude of the people to be informed of the progress of these vital measures of State reform, we have secured the services of JOHN MARSHALL, Esq., a young gentleman qualified for the task, to report the proceedings of the Legislature, and also the speeches of members. We have also engaged the valuable aid of Col. C. A. BRADFORD, late editor of the Southern Tribune, as our Reporter at the general government.

The ensuing session will be of a character not exceeded in importance since the organization of our State. Whether losers or gainers pecuniary reward, if we shall accomplish desideratum so long desired, of diffusing the people, and rendering them familiar with acts and conduct of their representatives shall be satisfied. Relying upon the intelligence of the democratic party, and the liberality of citizens of our State, generally, we are confident our labors will be abundantly appreciated. We have established the Southern Weekly Reformer on a permanent basis—and made the city of Jackson our permanent residence, and in the future, we know that an unflinching party of democratic principles, will obtain its—unsought and unasked—the permanent regard and esteem of the party.

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